

BATMAN
No. 48

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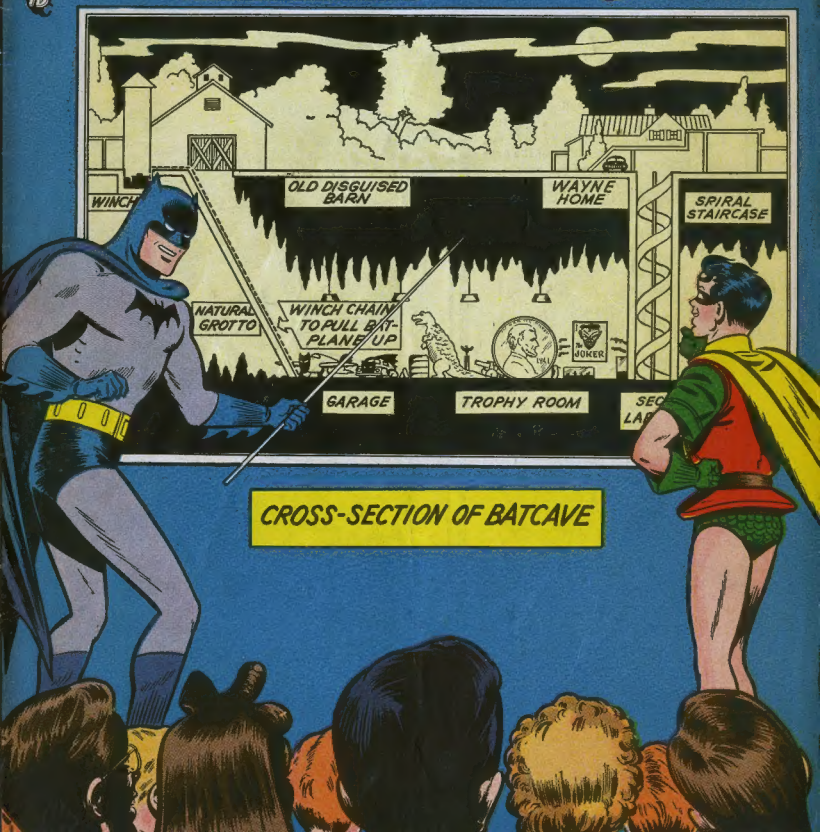


BATMAN

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

IN THIS ISSUE:

Exposing
**"The 1,000
Secrets
of the
Batcave"**



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BATMAN



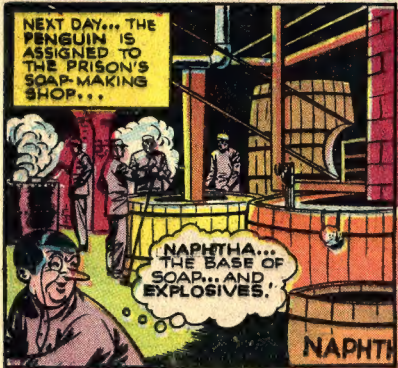
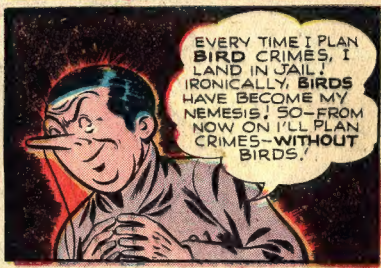
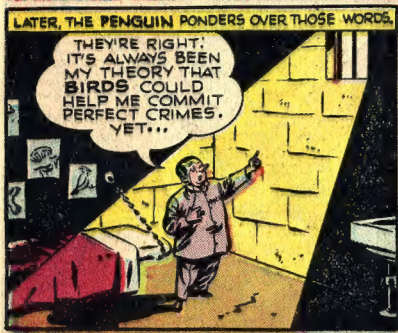
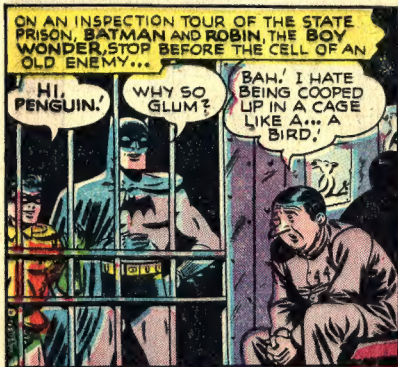
BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

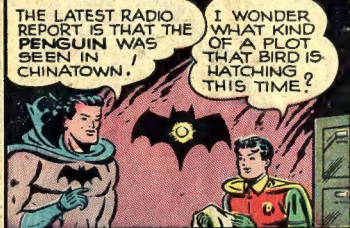


THE WHOLE UNDERWORLD KNOWS HOW THE PENGUIN USES HIS BIRDS TO PLAN HIS PLUNDER COUPS. BUT CAN YOU IMAGINE THE PENGUIN WITHOUT BIRD CRIMES? THIS SURPRISING TWIST TAKES PLACE WHEN THE PENGUIN DEEMS IT WISE THAT BIRDS OF A FEATHER SHOULD NOT FLOCK TOGETHER! YES, HE DECIDES TO BE WARY OF FOWL, BUT FORGETS TO BE WARY OF FATE! AND HE ALSO FORGETS ABOUT TWO OTHER BIRDS - A ROBIN AND A BAT-MAN, IN THE AMAZING CASE

OF...
"THE FOWLS OF FATE!"



LATER... IN THE SECRET **BATCAVE**, **BRUCE WAYNE** AND HIS YOUNG WARD, **DICK GRAYSON**, DON THEIR COLORFUL ACTION COSTUMES...



THE LATEST RADIO REPORT IS THAT THE **PENGUIN** WAS SEEN IN **CHINATOWN**.

I WONDER WHAT KIND OF A PLOT THAT BIRD IS HATCHING THIS TIME?

IN THE ALLEYWAYS OF **GOTHAM CITY'S CHINATOWN**, THE **PENGUIN** AND **HIRELINGS** ARE ON THE LOOSE.



Y'MEAN, BACK HERE THERE'S A **CHINESE TEMPLE** WITH A **JADE DRAGON** WITH **RUBY EYES**?

YES, AND I'M ALMOST TEMPTED TO USE A BIRD, LIKE A **MAGPIE** OR **CROW**, TO STEAL THOSE EYES! BUT I WON'T! I PROMISED MYSELF—**NO BIRDS!**



EXECUTING A CLEVER RUSE, THE **PENGUIN** FLINGS A **WHITE CLOTH** AT THE DOOR OF THE **DRAGON TEMPLE**... AND...

WHO DARES PROFANE THE TEMPLE ENTRANCE WITH CLOTHS OF **WHITE** ... THE **CHINESE FUNERAL COLOR**!?

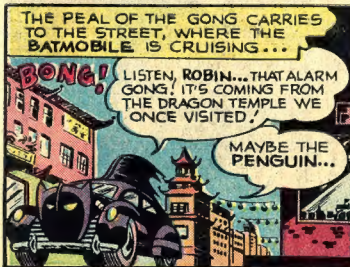
AIEE! LOOK ...**WHITE!**



THEN, WITH THE **GUARDS' ATTENTION** DISTRACTED...

BONG!

THE CLUMSY APE, HE FELL AGAINST THE **GONG**. LET'S GET THOSE **RUBIES**—**QUICKLY!**



THE PEAL OF THE **GONG** CARRIES TO THE STREET, WHERE THE **BATMOBILE** IS CRUISING...

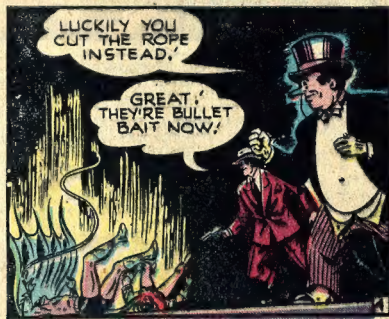
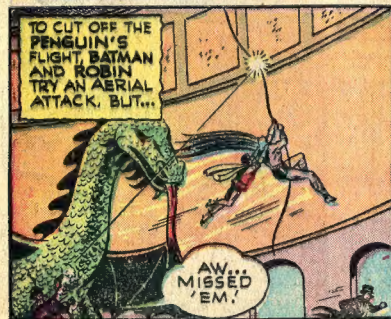
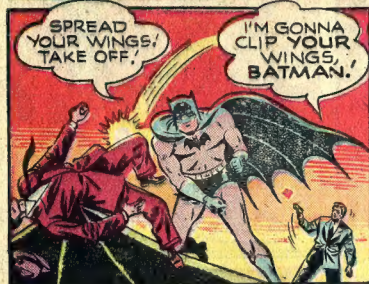
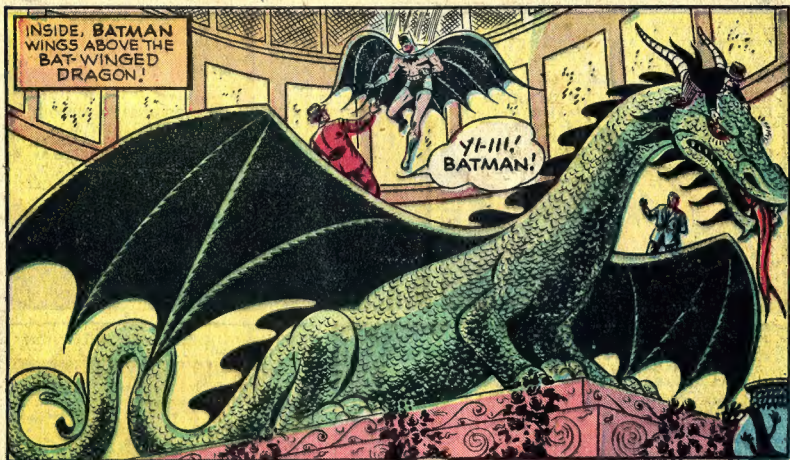
BONG! LISTEN, **ROBIN**... THAT ALARM GONG! IT'S COMING FROM THE **DRAGON TEMPLE** WE ONCE VISITED.

MAYBE THE **PENGUIN**...

SEEING THE **INERT GUARDS**, THE **DYNAMIC DUO** SCALES THE **WINGED ROOF** OF THE TEMPLE LIKE A PAIR OF **JUNGLE CATS**...



I ALWAYS BELIEVE IN MAKING A **SURPRISE ENTRANCE!**





BATMAN AND THE BOY WONDER FACE CERTAIN DOOM... WHEN SUDDENLY...

LISTEN! WHISTLES?

THEY SOUND LIKE POLICE WHISTLES! LET'S SCRAM!

TRILL-TR-RILL!
TRR-ILL!

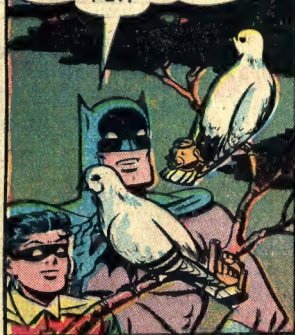


BUT EVERYONE KNOWS PIGEONS CAN'T WHISTLE!

THESE CAN! THE SHOTS SCARED THEM INTO FLIGHT AND THAT MADE THEM WHISTLE! HERE... I'LL PROVE IT!



FOR CENTURIES, IT'S BEEN A CHINESE CUSTOM TO ORNAMENT THE TAILS OF THEIR PIGEONS WITH FLUTES SO THE BIRDS WOULD MAKE SWEET MUSIC AS THEY FLY!



AND A MOMENT LATER...

THAT WAS CLOSE! WE'RE LUCKY THE SHOTS WERE HEARD BY THE POLICE!

THOSE WERE NOT POLICE WHISTLES! THEY WERE PIGEON WHISTLES!



WHEN THE PIGEONS AT LAST COME TO ROOST, BATMAN CAPTURES ONE...

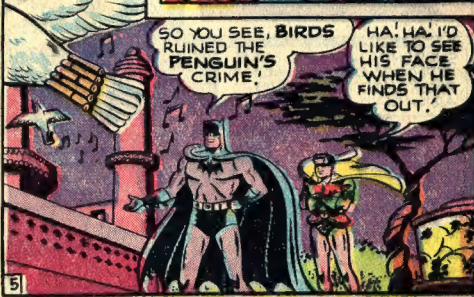
WHAT'S THAT ON ITS TAIL?

A BAMBOO FLUTE!



SO YOU SEE, BIRDS RUINED THE PENGUIN'S CRIME!

HA! HA! I'D LIKE TO SEE HIS FACE WHEN HE FINDS THAT OUT!





LATER... IN THE PENGUIN'S HIDEOUT...

ODD! I DELIBERATELY PLAN A CRIME WITHOUT BIRDS, YET BIRDS SPOILED MY CRIME! DOES FATE MEAN FOR ME TO BE RUINED BY BIRDS ALWAYS? HMM... I MUST OUTWIT FATE SOMEHOW...



ONE HOUR LATER... DUKE'S ROOMING HOUSE IS TRACKED DOWN...

YEAH... I SEEN MR. MALLIN GO OUT JUST BEFORE YOU CAME! HE WAS CARRYIN' HIS OVERCOAT!

OVERCOAT... IN THIS HOT SUMMER WEATHER?



LATER... THE PENGUIN VISITS A CRIMINAL HANGOUT...

BUT, PENGUIN, YOU CAN'T AVOID BIRDS! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!

NOT ALWAYS! BIRDS FLY SOUTH FOR THE WINTER - THEY HATE THE COLD - SO WE'RE GOING WHERE IT'S WINTER WHEN IT'S SUMMER HERE!



MEANWHILE...

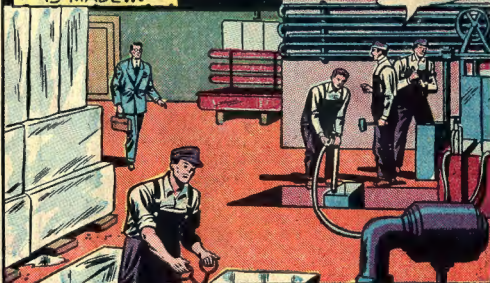
WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE?

I RE-COGNIZED ONE OF THE PENGUIN'S MOB! IT WAS DUKE MALLIN! IF WE CAN LOCATE HIS ROOMS...



MEANWHILE... IN A REFRIGERATION PLANT WHERE SYNTHETIC ICE IS MADE...

HERE COMES DODDS WITH OUR PAYROLL IN HIS BRIEFCASE!



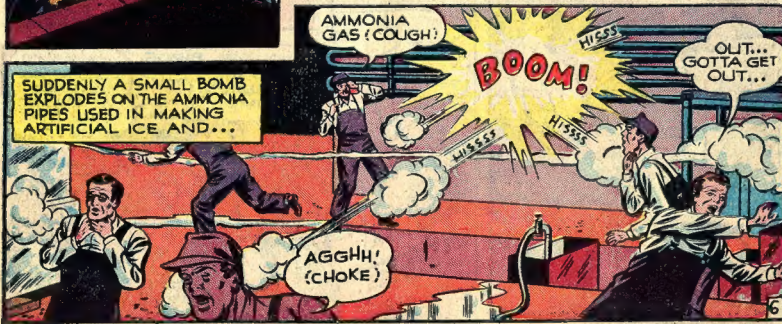
AMMONIA GAS! (COUGH)

BOOM!

OUT... GOTTA GET OUT...

SUDDENLY A SMALL BOMB EXPLODES ON THE AMMONIA PIPES USED IN MAKING ARTIFICIAL ICE AND...

AGGHH! (CHOKE)





THEN A BIRD OF PREY ENTERS...

PERFECT... AND THERE CERTAINLY WON'T BE ANY BIRDS IN AN ICE HOUSE!

OKAY, PENGUIN... I GOT THE PAYROLL GUY! WE CAN LAM!



SUDDENLY...

YOU PESTS AGAIN?

HMM... I KNEW IF I CHECKED ON THE COLDEST SPOTS IN TOWN, I'D LEARN WHY DUKE WAS WEARING AN OVERCOAT IN SUMMER WEATHER!



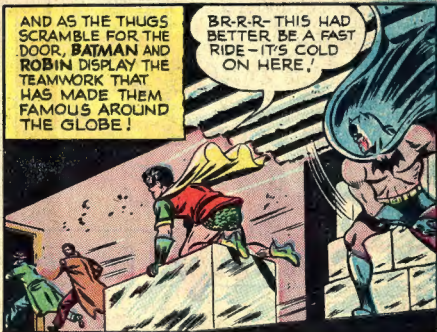
COOL OFF, HOT SHOT!

GLUG!

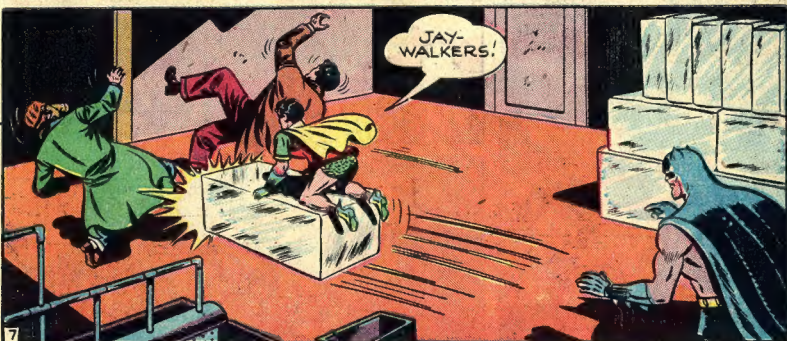


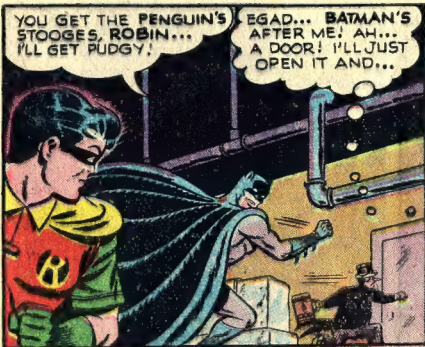
AND AS THE THUGS SCRAMBLE FOR THE DOOR, BATMAN AND ROBIN DISPLAY THE TEAMWORK THAT HAS MADE THEM FAMOUS AROUND THE GLOBE!

BR-R-R-THIS HAD BETTER BE A FAST RIDE-IT'S COLD ON HERE!



JAY-WALKERS!





AFTERWARD, BATMAN QUESTIONS THE PLANT OWNER...

BUT WHY ARE THE PENGUINS HERE?

THE HOT WEATHER MADE THEM ILL, SO THE ZOO PEOPLE THOUGHT A FEW DAYS IN AN ICE HOUSE WOULD PROVIDE THE PROPER ANTARCTIC TEMPERATURE.

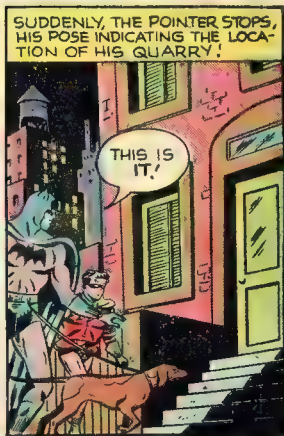
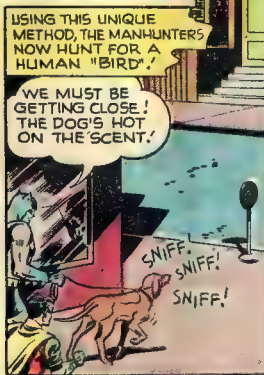
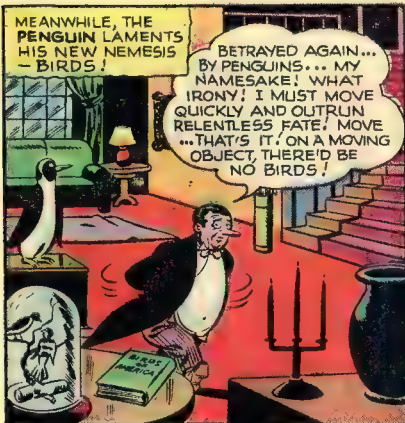
AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS THE PENGUIN'S HIRELINGS ARE QUESTIONED...

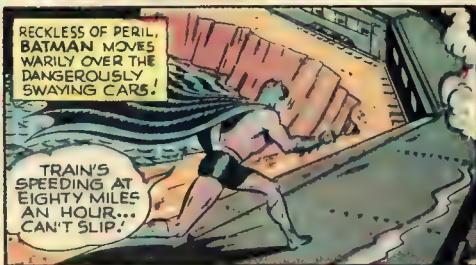
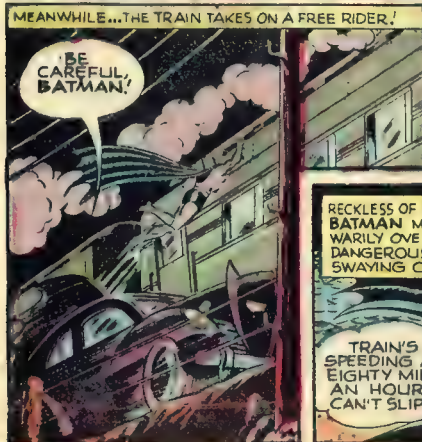
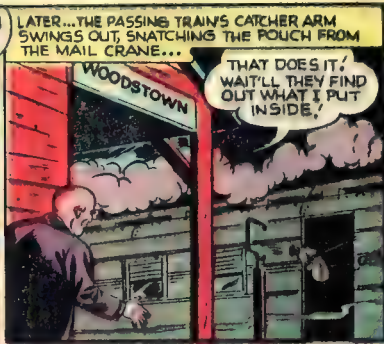
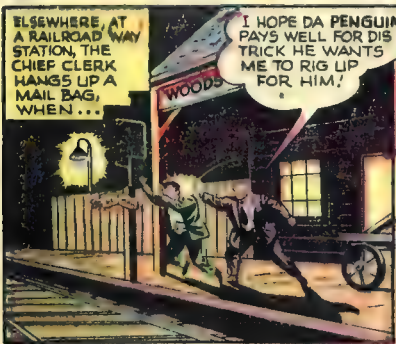
WHERE'S THE PENGUIN'S HIDEOUT?

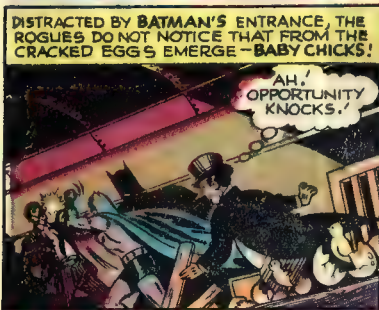
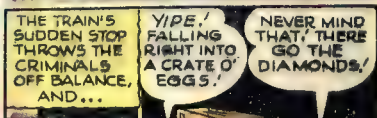
TALK!

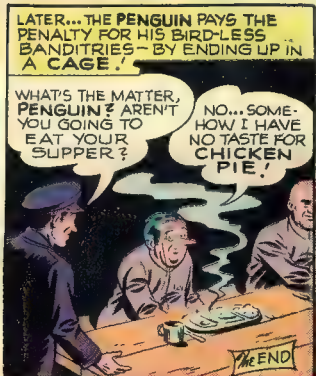
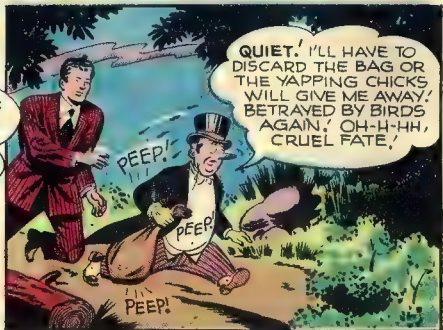
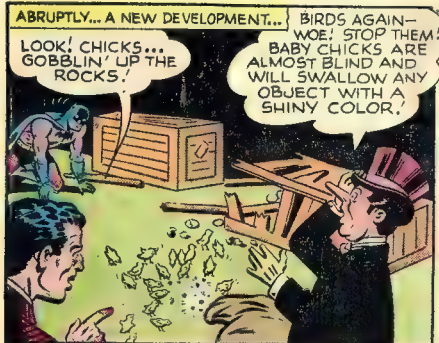
WE DON'T KNOW...

HE ALWAYS MET US SOMEWHERE ELSE...









Bob ELLIOTT

NATIONAL LEAGUE'S
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER-1947

WE GOTTA WIN TODAY, GANG.

BASES LOADED, BOB --YOU'RE UP

I KNOW

Called "MR. TEAM" by his Boston Braves teammates, Elliott's a real hustler. Husky 6 ft. 185 lb. athlete plays both 3rd base and outfield - wherever he can help his team most.

A MURDEROUS HITTER IN THE CLUTCH, "BUSTIN' BOB" KNOCKED IN 113 RUNS LAST YEAR FROM CLEANUP SLOT IN BRAVES LINEUP. ALSO BOASTED .317 BATTING AVERAGE, AND SLAMMED 22 HOME-RUNS --FOR NATIONAL LEAGUE'S FINEST ALL-AROUND PERFORMANCE.

"I'VE BEEN EATING WHEATIES -'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS' -FOR OVER TEN YEARS," SAYS BOB ELLIOTT. "THEY'RE WHOLESOME -NOURISHING -AND PACK LOTS OF SWELL FLAVOR. I'D RECOMMEND WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT, TO ANY ATHLETE AS A TOP-FLIGHT TRAINING DISH."

BETTER TRY WHEATIES, FELLAS

WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



AUTO RACES
TODAY

Suburban

OLD NICK
Richest Milk Chocolate

**IN THE
NICK OF
TIME
AT THE MIDGET
AUTO RACES**

THE MIGHTY MIDGETS HURLE INTO THE HOME STRETCH AT 80 MILES PER HOUR....

WOW!
LOOKS AS IF
THERE'S
GOING TO BE AN
ACCIDENT!

LOOK OUT!
THAT CAR'S
GOING TO SKID!

A CRASH!
LOOK! THAT
DRIVER'S
THROWN OUT!

IF I CAN MAKE THAT
AMBULANCE IN TIME...

IT'S HEADING THIS
WAY! WE'LL BE
TRAPPED—
BURNED
ALIVE!

JUST IN
THE NICK
OF TIME!

THANK HEAVENS!
WE'D HAVE BEEN
GONERS SURE!

WELL, NOW I
CAN RELAX
WITH A
DELICIOUS
OLD NICK
CANDY BAR.

YOUR QUICK
THINKING SAVED
TWENTY LIVES,
OLD NICK! BUT HOW
DID YOU FIGURE
IT OUT?

OLD NICK! OH BOY,
OLD NICK IS A
WONDERFUL
CANDY BAR.

CREAMY FUDGE.
SMOOTH CARAMEL,
LUSCIOUS MILK
CHOCOLATE.

BEST BY FAR—SO TRY
OLD NICK CANDY BAR.

HOW DID OLD NICK SUSPECT AN ACCIDENT?

WHEN OLD NICK SAW THE DRIVER RAISED
SOGGIES HE SURMISED HE WAS BEING
A BROKEN OIL LINE.

TRY BIT-O-HONEY—IT'S A
HONEY, HONEY, HONEY OF A CANDY BAR
—MILD HONEY-FLAVORED, CHEWY CANDY
FILLED WITH CRUNCHY,
TOASTED ALMONDS

6 SEPARATELY
WRAPPED PIECES



BATMAN



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

by

BOB
KANE

DEEP
UNDER
THE
SURFACE OF

GOtham CITY IS A
MAMMOTH CAVE WHICH
IS KNOWN BUT TO TWO
PEOPLE - BATMAN AND
ROBIN! FOR THIS IS THE
BATMAN'S SUBTERRANEAN
RETREAT - THE
BATCAVE! IT IS THE
BATCAVE THAT PROVIDES
SECRET SHELTER FOR THE
BATPLANE, BATMOBILE, A CRIM-
INOLOGICAL LABORATORY, AND
ALL THE OTHER CRIME-FIGHTING
TOOLS OF THE BATMAN! BUT
WHEN A STRANGER ENTERS THE
BATCAVE... AND WHEN THIS ENEMY
WOULD DESTROY BATMAN'S CAREER...
THEN FATE CONSPIRES TO PROTECT
"THE 1,000 SECRETS
OF THE BATCAVE!"

BAT-
SIGNAL

NIGHT FALLS OVER GOTHAM CITY, AND SUDDENLY THE AIR IS SPLIT WITH SIREN WAILS AND GUN SHOTS... WOLF BRANDO, PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, HAS BROKEN JAIL!

HERE'S A GOOD-BYE PRESENT, COPPER!

SOON AFTER, WOLF BRANDO COMMANDEERS A CAR...

PLEASE... I'M A DOCTOR... I'M HURRYING TO PERFORM AN EMERGENCY OPERATION... MY PATIENT MAY DIE... OHHH!

SHADDUP!

WHEN A MOTOR-CYCLE POLICEMAN PICKS UP BRANDO'S TRAIL, THE KILLER DELIBERATELY RAMS THE LAWMAN!

CRASH!

YOU'LL BE A DEAD HERO NOW, COPPER!

BUT IN SPITE OF HIS INJURIES, THE GALLANT COP SECRETLY FOLLOWS WOLF BRANDO TO A SUBURBAN HOME...

THERE HE GOES... INTO THE WAYNE HOUSE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT AN ALARM-FAST!

INSIDE THE HOUSE, A5 YOUNG DICK GRAYSON, ALIAS ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, IS BENT OVER HIS HOMEWORK...

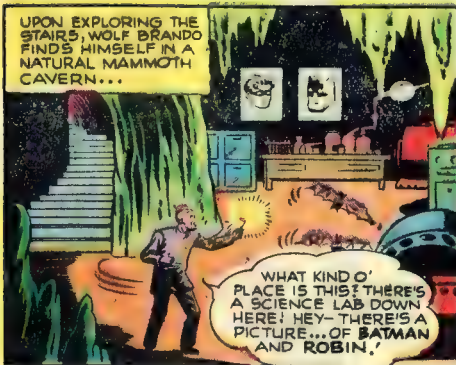
JUST THIS KID AROUND! WHAT LUCK! I KIN HIDE OUT HERE!

THE BOY SLUMPS, FALLS AGAINST BRANDO AND THRUSTS HIM AGAINST A HUGE GRANDFATHER CLOCK, AND...

HUH? IT OPENED! IT'S REALLY A SECRET DOOR... WITH STEPS BEHIND IT!

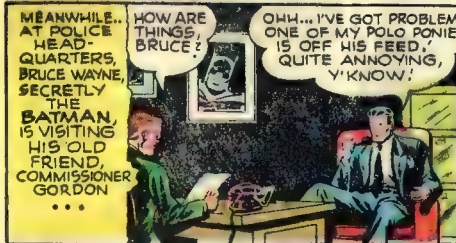
CLICK!

UPON EXPLORING THE STAIRS, WOLF BRANDO FINDS HIMSELF IN A NATURAL MAMMOTH CAVERN...



WHAT KIND O' PLACE IS THIS? THERE'S A SCIENCE LAB DOWN HERE! HEY- THERE'S A PICTURE... OF BATMAN AND ROBIN.

MEANWHILE... AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, BRUCE WAYNE, SECRETLY THE BATMAN, IS VISITING HIS OLD FRIEND, COMMISSIONER GORDON



HOW ARE THINGS, BRUCE?

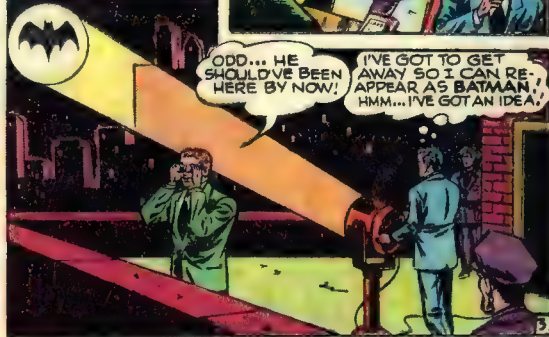
OH... I'VE GOT PROBLEMS! ONE OF MY POLO PONIES IS OFF HIS FEED! QUITE ANNOYING, Y' KNOW!

COME ON, BRUCE... TO THE ROOF! YOU CAN HELP ME PAGE SOMEONE WHO CAN HELP US CAPTURE WOLF BRANDO- THE BATMAN.



BATMAN?! BUT I'M BATMAN! WHAT A SPOT!

LATER, IT IS IRONIC THAT BRUCE WAYNE HIMSELF HAS TO FLASH THE EERIE SIGNAL THAT IS A SUMMONS FOR THE BATMAN.



ODD... HE SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE BY NOW!

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY SO I CAN RE-APPEAR AS BATMAN! HMM... I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

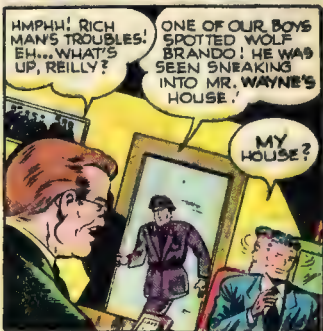
AND THERE'S THE BATPLANE AND THE BATMOBILE! OH... I GET IT NOW! I FOUND WHAT EVERY TRIGGER-MAN HAS BEEN LOOKIN' FOR! YEAH... I FOUND BATMAN'S HIDEOUT!



HMPH! RICH MAN'S TROUBLES! EH... WHAT'S UP, REILLY?

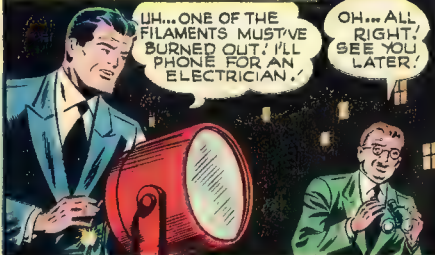
ONE OF OUR BOYS SPOTTED WOLF BRANDO! HE WAS SEEN SNEAKING INTO MR. WAYNE'S HOUSE.

MY HOUSE?





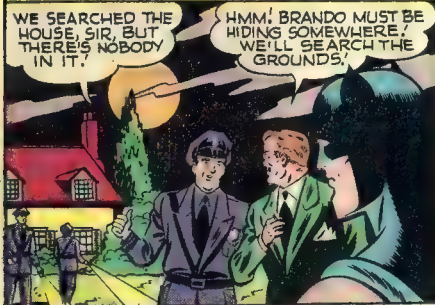
SURREPTITIOUSLY, BRUCE RIPS A SEARCHLIGHT WIRE—
AND THE BAT-SIGNAL BLACKS OUT!



UH... ONE OF THE
FILAMENTS MUST'VE
BURNED OUT! I'LL
PHONE FOR AN
ELECTRICIAN.

OH... ALL
RIGHT!
SEE YOU
LATER!

LATER... AFTER A QUICK EXPLANATION... A POLICE
CORDON SURROUNDS THE WAYNE HOME!



WE SEARCHED THE
HOUSE, SIR, BUT
THERE'S NOBODY
IN IT.

HMM! BRANDO MUST BE
HIDING SOMEWHERE.
WE'LL SEARCH THE
GROUNDS.

UNDER COVER OF
DARKNESS,
BRUCE WAYNE
SHEDS HIS PLAY-
BOY ROLE AND
ASSUMES THE
MANTLE OF—



BATMAN!
I THOUGHT YOU'D
NEVER GET HERE!

NEITHER
DID I.

AS FLASHLIGHTS PROBE THE DARKNESS,
BATMAN MERGES WITH THE SHADOWS!



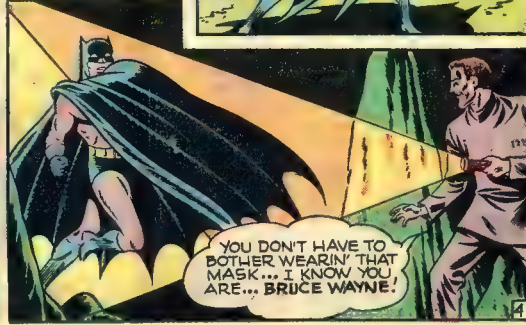
DICK WAS INSIDE THE
HOUSE! SOMETHING'S
WRONG! AND IF BRANDO'S
NOT HIDING ABOVE GROUND,
HE MAY BE BELOW—
IN THE BATCAVE!

UNOBSERVED, THE CAPED
MANHUNTER SLIPS INTO AN
OLD BARN THAT SERVES AS
THE SECRET EXIT FOR THE
BATPLANE AND BAT-
MOBILE!

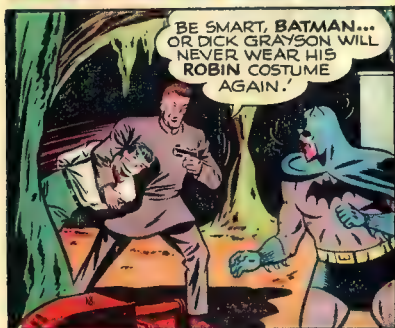
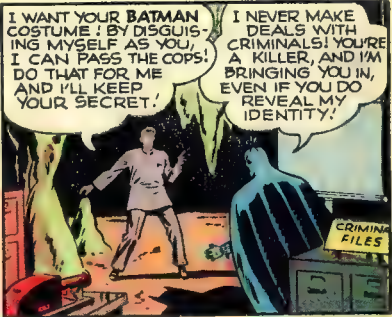
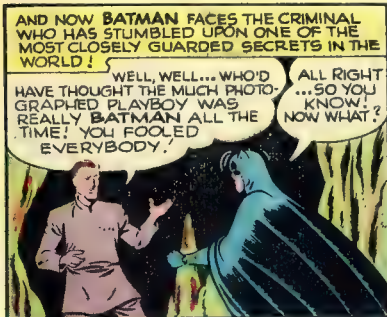


IF BRANDO'S FOUND THE
ENTRANCE TO THE
BATCAVE, HE'LL KNOW
THE IDENTITY I'VE
GUARDED ALL THESE
YEARS!

DOWN THE RAMP
HE RACES, TO A
SUBTERRANEAN
GROTTO... WHEN
SUDDENLY...



YOU DON'T HAVE TO
BOTHER WEARIN' THAT
MASK... I KNOW YOU
ARE... BRUCE WAYNE.



SUDDENLY, DICK USES A CLEVER STRATEGY BY LUNGING AGAINST THE MACHINE USED FOR PROJECTING MICROFILM SLIDES FROM BATMAN'S CRIME FILE!





WIRY AS HIS VULPINE NAMESAKE, WOLF BRANDO TWISTS AWAY, LOPING SWIFTLY INTO THE LABYRINTH OF ROCK AND SHADOW!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

BRANDO KNOWS WHO YOU ARE... WHY WEAR YOUR ROBIN COSTUME?

THIS WILL PROBABLY BE OUR FINAL CASE... SO I WANT TO WEAR MY ROBIN SUIT FOR THE LAST TIME... BEFORE I PUT IT IN MOTHBALLS!

HE CAN'T GO ABOVE BECAUSE OF THE POLICE! HE'LL STAY BELOW... AND WE'LL GET HIM!

THEN, IN THE CONFINES OF THE BAT-CAVE BEGINS A GRIM GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK, FOR A KILLER MUST BE FOUND...

WINCH

OLD DISGUISED BARN

WAYNE HOME

SPIRAL STAIRS

WINCH CHAIN TO PULL BAT-PLANE UP INCLINE

NATURAL GROTTO

GARAGE

TROPHY ROOM

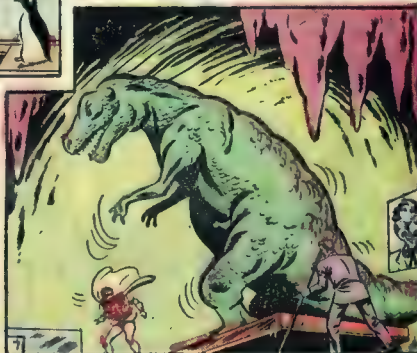
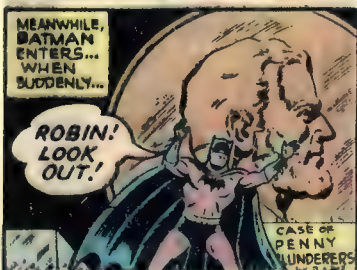
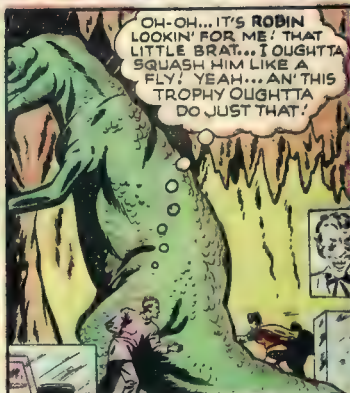
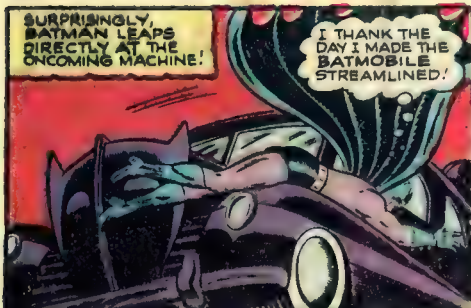
SECRET LABORATORY

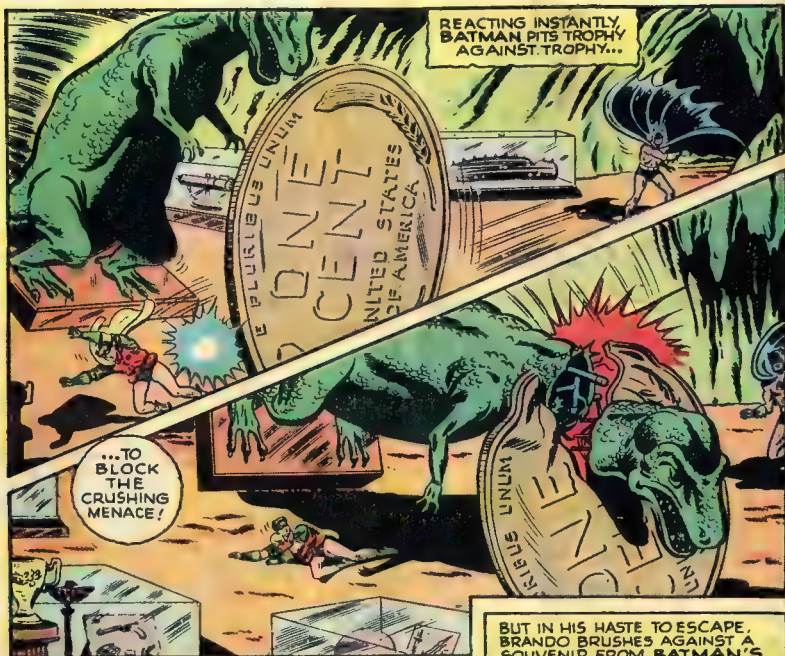
THE BEST PLAN IS FOR US TO SPLIT UP! WE'LL COVER MORE TERRITORY QUICKER! I'LL SEARCH THE GARAGE... YOU TRY THE TROPHY ROOM! GOOD LUCK!

CHECK!

WARILY, BATMAN ENTERS... WHEN SUDDENLY THE BATMOBILE, LIKE A ROBOT GONE BERSERK, RUSHES AT ITS INVENTOR!

HAW! HAW! WHAT A LAUGH... BATMAN'S GONNA BE RUN OVER BY HIS OWN BATMOBILE!





REACTING INSTANTLY,
BATMAN PITS TROPHY
AGAINST TROPHY...

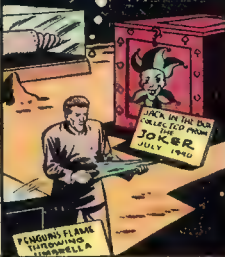
...TO
BLOCK
THE
CRUSHING
MENACE!

YOU KNOW SOMETHING
... I'M PRETTY SORE
AT THAT DINO-SAUR!

THE FACT THAT YOU'RE
STILL ABLE TO PUN
MEANS YOU'RE NOT
HURT! NOW... LET'S
FIND THAT KILLER!

MEANWHILE...

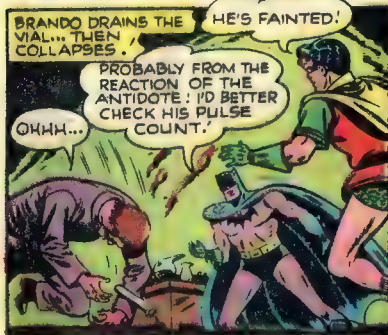
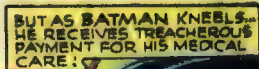
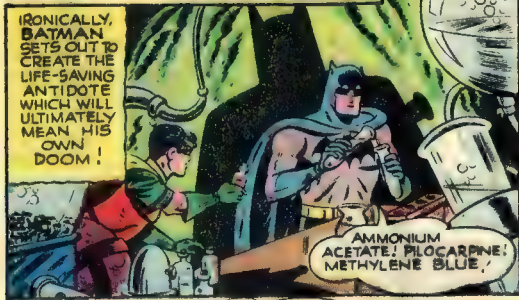
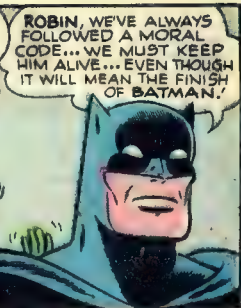
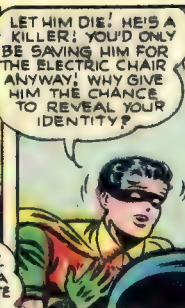
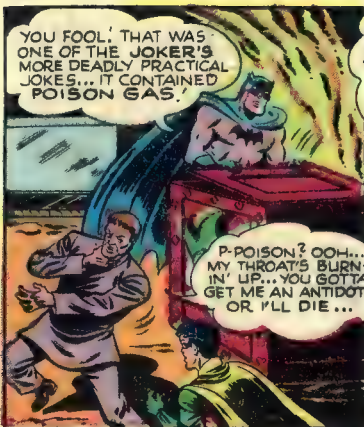
IF THIS WEAPON
WAS GOOD ENOUGH
FOR THE PENGUIN,
IT OUGHTTA BE GOOD
ENOUGH FOR ME!

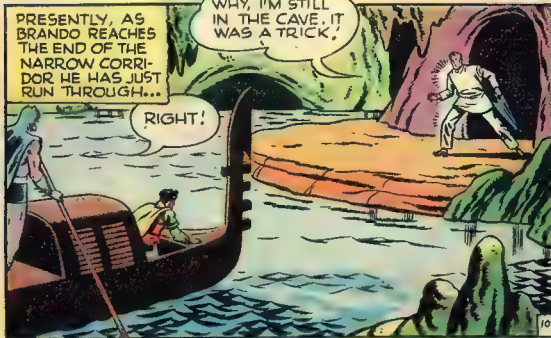
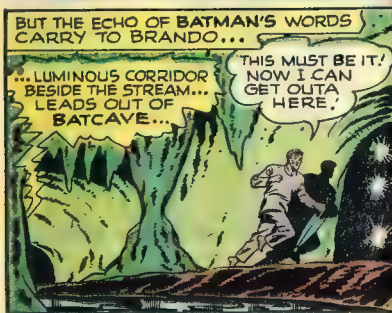
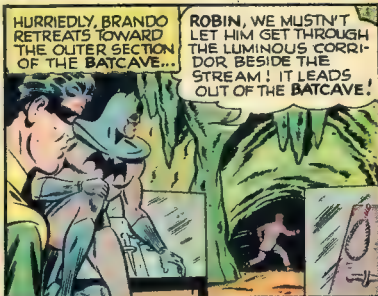
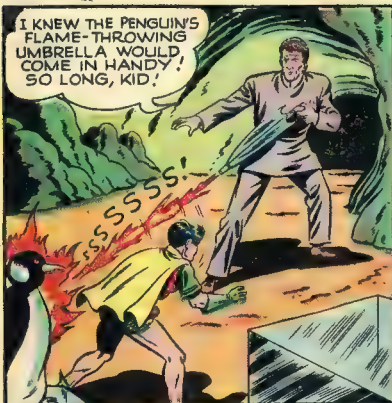


BUT IN HIS HASTE TO ESCAPE,
BRANDO BRUSHES AGAINST A
SOUVENIR FROM BATMAN'S
PAST TRIUMPH OVER THE
JOKER, AND SUDDENLY—

YIII-III! (COUGH)
GAS!

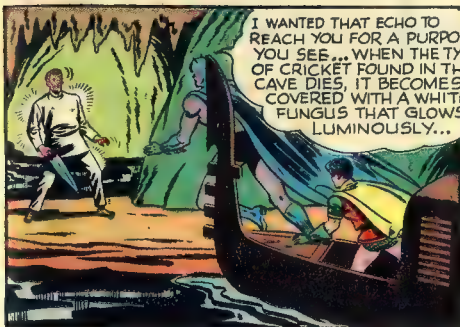




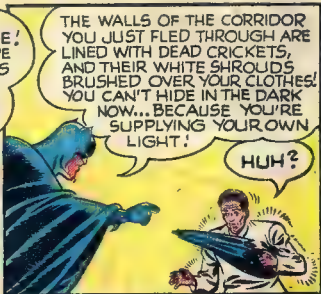




BATMAN



I WANTED THAT ECHO TO REACH YOU FOR A PURPOSE; YOU SEE... WHEN THE TYPE OF CRICKET FOUND IN THIS CAVE DIES, IT BECOMES COVERED WITH A WHITE FUNGUS THAT GLOWS LUMINOUSLY...

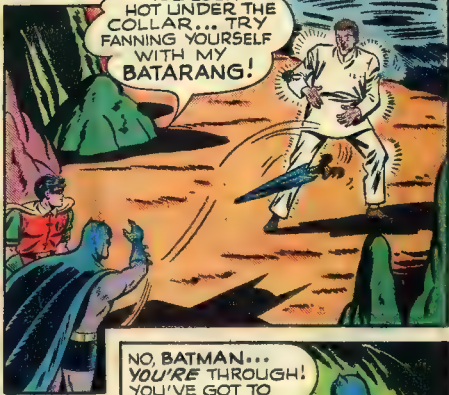


THE WALLS OF THE CORRIDOR YOU JUST FLED THROUGH ARE LINED WITH DEAD CRICKETS, AND THEIR WHITE SHROUDS BRUSHED OVER YOUR CLOTHES! YOU CAN'T HIDE IN THE DARK NOW... BECAUSE YOU'RE SUPPLYING YOUR OWN LIGHT!

HUH?



OKAY, WISE GUYS... WHO'S GONNA BE FIRST TO GET SCORCHED?



YOU LOOK HOT UNDER THE COLLAR... TRY FANNING YOURSELF WITH MY BATARANG!



YOU'RE TRAPPED, BRANDO! THERE'S A WHIRLPOOL BEHIND YOU! AND YOU CAN'T HIDE IN THE DARK NOW. YOU'RE THROUGH.



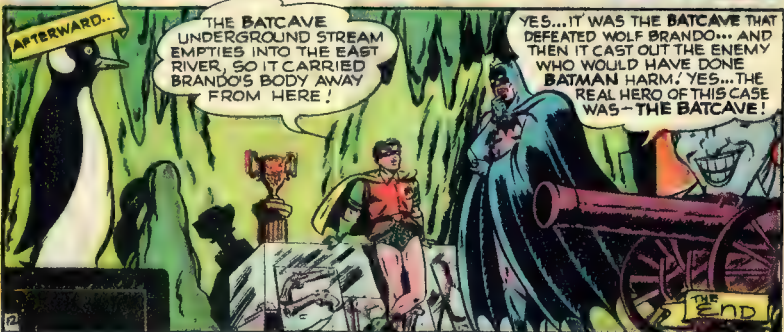
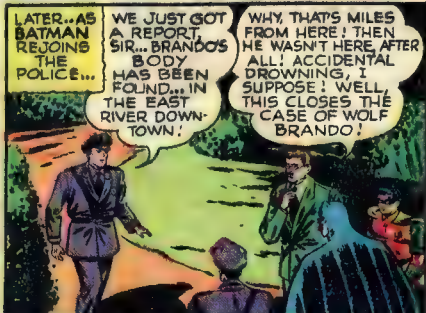
NO, BATMAN... YOU'RE THROUGH! YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE ME IN, AND WHEN YOU DO, I'LL TELL THE WORLD BRUCE WAYNE IS THE BATMAN. HAW! HAW!



AS THE SHRIEKING LAUGHTER MOUNTS, ITS PIERCING ECHOES DISTURB SLEEPING BATS ON THE ROOF OF THE BATCAVE...



... AND AS THEY FLAP THEIR WINGS TO INVESTIGATE THE SOURCE OF THE NOISE...



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Adventures of
SAM SPADE

HEY... MR SPADE! YOU FORGOT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR YOUR HAIR!

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

I'LL BE BACK TONY—SOON AS THE FIRES OUT!

THESE FIRES ARE DRIVING ME NUTS, SAM! THIS IS THE FIFTH ONE THIS WEEK!

SOUNDS LIKE A FIRE—BUG, CHIEF! LET ME DO SOME SNOOPING.

AS SAM PLOWS THROUGH THE CROWD HE TRIPS AND FALLS AGAINST ONE OF THE ON-LOOKERS AND...

HEY... WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

PARDON ME, BUDDY, BUT... SAY! LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS!

NO YOU DON'T!

HEY, CHIEF! LOOK AT THIS GUY'S HANDS!

PURPLE STAIN! WE PUT THAT STUFF IN ALARM BOXES TO CATCH GUYS JUST LIKE HIM!

SAM SPADE says

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERMAIL TEST?

Scratch your head! If you find signs of dryness and loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream Oil. It grooms hair, relieves dryness, and removes loose dandruff.



IF HE STARTED THE FIRE—WHY SHOULD HE TURN IN THE ALARM CHIEF?

TO MAKE IT MORE EXCITING EFFIE!

GEE, I GET EXCITED JUST LOOKING AT YOU, SAM!

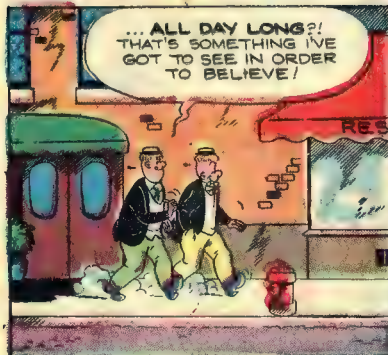
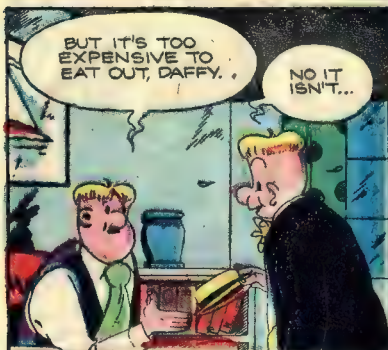
THAT'S BECAUSE I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. SWEETHEART!





DAFFY & DOODLE

12



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My Name..... (Please Print Plainly)

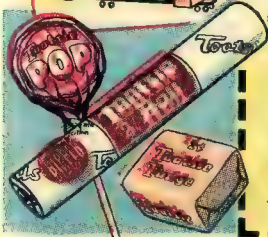
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City..... Zone..... State.....

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THERE SHE BLOWS

Whales and Whaling



TWO thousand yards off shore, the ocean humped and then broke as a huge whale came to the surface. Immediately, a dozen slender birch bark canoes shot out from the shore, followed by more and still more, until the mighty sea beast was surrounded by countless canoes, and the crude harpoons of the Indians finally found vital spots. But even then these earliest American whale hunters could not tow their catch ashore. They did not have strong enough lines to do so back in the days before the Colonists settled our coasts. So choice steaks and rich nutty blubber were cut from the whale, and that night the fires burned brightly before the wigwams as the tribe indulged in a rare feast.

The fact that such feasts were few and far between proves that whaling wasn't a great success among the Indians. They did not lack in courage or skill. The trouble was that their weapons were too crude and their craft too small.

But when the Colonists came, it was a different matter. They had the right implements and strong, sturdy boats. When they joined forces with the Indians, whaling grew in importance until it became one of the chief industries of this country.

Let's take ourselves back to the Golden Age of whaling. The year is 1800 and you're going aboard a whaler. If you sign up for the voyage, you're likely to be gone for three whole years. Your pay will be about one hundred dollars a year. The ship doesn't look like much, does it? It is blunt and awkward. And those square-rigged sails certainly aren't at all like the ones you see on a swift racing yacht. Well, it won't be long before you learn that your ship is built to stand all types of storm, ice, and pounding seas. You will be thankful that what it lacks

in speed, it will make up in stalwart dependability.

And here's the crew. A mixed lot, you say. There's a farm boy over by the mast. The man at the wheel is the son of a rich merchant. Those deck hands standing ready to cast off come from every country and race on the globe. Pretty rough, some of them. But when you get out to sea, you'll find that they all work together with stubborn courage and know-how that is more dependable than that of the seaman of the larger ships—the passenger and cargo boats.

These men and you are going to supply the world with a lot of things it could not very well do without. From your long and perilous voyage, thousands of homes and business places will be kept well lighted by whale oil, found in such pure state in the head of the sperm whale that it needs no refining. This same sperm oil will be used to lubricate the machinery that keeps New England's busy factories turning out the cotton goods, shoes, farm implements, and a host of other products so important to America's development. Lighthouses, safeguarding the nation's shipping, will depend upon you for this same oil to keep their beacons burning. Blubbery substance for candles, whalebone for umbrella stays and carriage whips, trinkets from the jaw bones and teeth, perfume base from ambergris, that priceless substance found in the intestines—these and a thousand other by-products your cruise will furnish.

Well, you've cast off, and you and the crew of thirteen other seamen are lined up before the captain for the "Captain's Talk." It's good stiff talk and you won't forget it. You're going to learn to man those four boats like wizards. Between times you'll turn to, scrubbing down decks, standing

eight-hour watches, and in general keeping the ship trim. But particularly you'll see to it that the lances, harpoons, and knives are razor-sharp.

Three weeks have passed and you're on the whaling grounds at last. It is sperm whale you are after. High above you on the masthead the lookout keeps a sharp eye on the sea. And then it comes—the cry that sets the whole ship in a turmoil; "*There she blows! Blows! Blows! Three points off the weather bow!*" Immediately, two of the strong, light twenty-eight foot boats are lowered, and you are in one of them. You're pulling plenty hard on the bow oar you're assigned to. The chase is on at last, and over the heaving swells you skim. And it takes a lot of courage, because you're approaching the huge eighty-foot sperm whale with your back to the danger. Now you're within striking distance, scarcely twenty feet, and the harpooner lets fly! "Stern all!" comes the command as the harpoon sinks deep. Will the stricken monster turn and crush you with one blow of his fluke? You're in luck, because this sperm chooses flight. And what a flight. You and the crew frantically pay out coiled rope from the rope buckets. But even so, your frail craft shoots over the water, throwing up spray like a modern speed boat—towed by the frightened mammoth. The whale finally tires, and again you cautiously approach.

This time the lance, not the harpoon, is used. It sinks to a vital spot, and after circling a few times in an ever-narrowing diameter, the mighty sperm rolls over on its side. You have made your catch.

If you thought you pulled hard on your oar up until now, you have an unpleasant surprise coming. For the wind has dropped and your boats must haul the huge dead-weight carcass back to the ship. Once there, your prize is secured to the side and then the "cutting-in" begins.

Cutting-in means that you're going to work like fury with cutting spades, bone

spades, and head spades, to divide the animal into its valuable parts and get them aboard in a jiffy. And you can't work too fast! For these are shark-infested waters and the marauding "sea tigers" may scent the feast and do serious damage to your profits in a surprisingly short time.

Sweating over block and tackle, windlass, ropes, and chains, you finally hoist your cargo aboard, and the mangled remains of the whale are cut adrift. Your ship isn't a very pleasant sight by this time. But remember you're on a "Blubber Hunter" and not a vacation cruise—so get at the task of "trying-out" or "melting down" the blubber. You can expect four hours sleep a day until this job is done. From the Case and Junk you have already secured the rich haul of spongy oily fat and pure sperm oil. Now the fires of the big try-out pot send their flames and black smoke swirling aloft, as you and the rest of the crew scramble feverishly here and there on the slippery decks—feeding the fires, fresh-loading the pots, and taking off and storing the oil and fat into barrels.

It is some time later now, and your catch is stored. Can the ship, now so filthy, ever be restored to any sort of cleanliness? It can, and its decks will be whiter than before, because unmanufactured sperm oil has an especial cleansing quality when used for that purpose.

So your voyage goes. Long periods of ordinary sea routine; then a fresh prize with its danger, its back-breaking toil, and its reward, until you again sail into the home port with a cargo of oil and a wealth of experience.

And thus we return to the present, where petroleum, gas, and other modern products have supplanted those supplied by the whaling industry. But it will be many a year before the world forgets the daring enterprise of those rough and hardy sailors who furnished one of the most adventurous chapters in our nation's history.

SCRIBBLY

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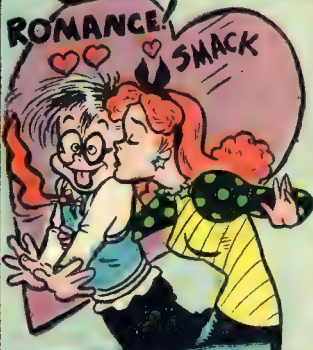
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ADVENTURE!



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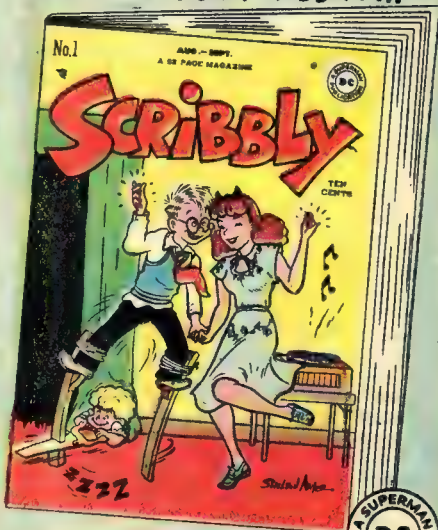
SMACK



PATHOS!

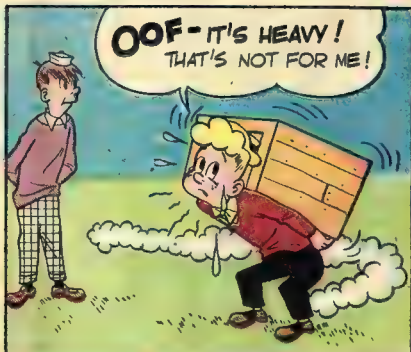
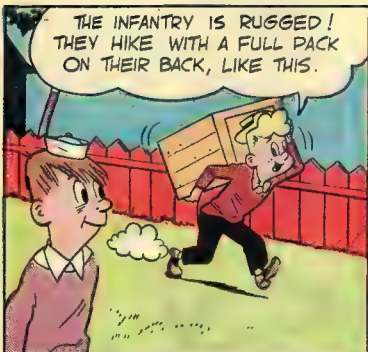
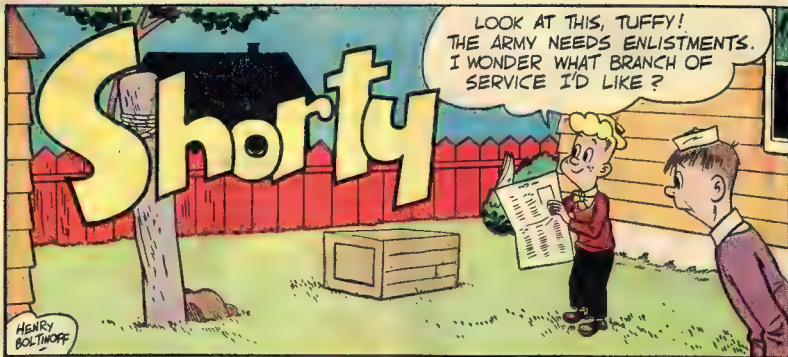


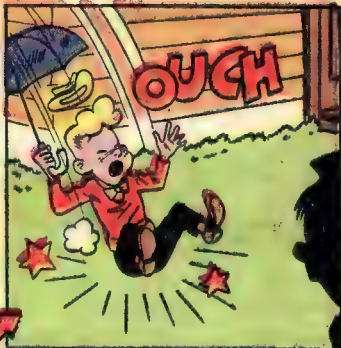
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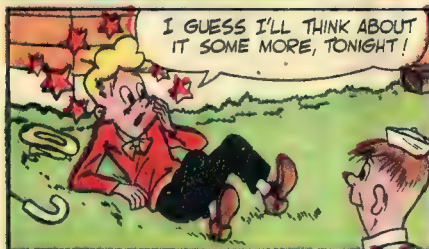
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NEXT DAY....

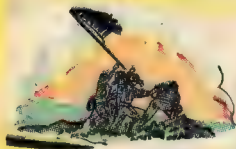


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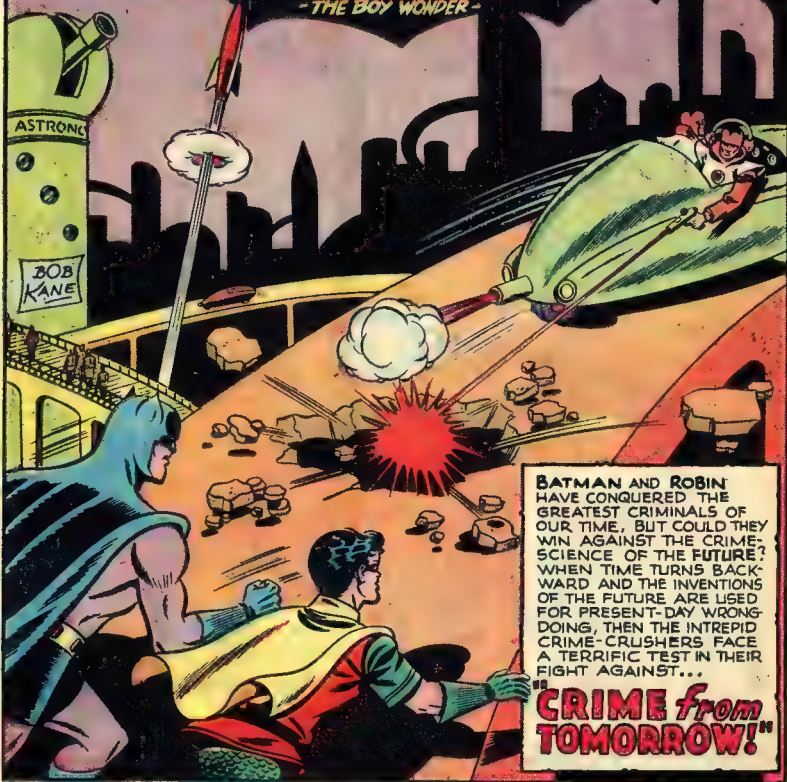


BATMAN



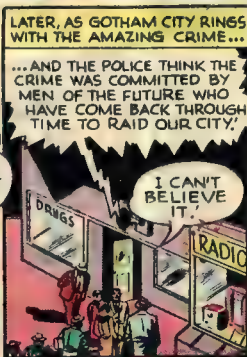
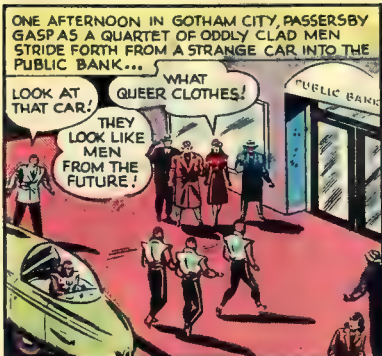
BATMAN

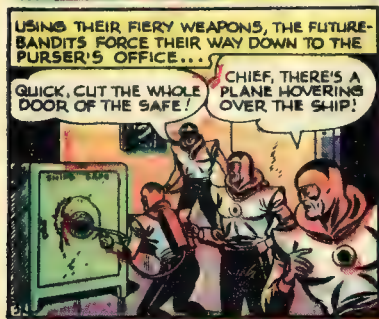
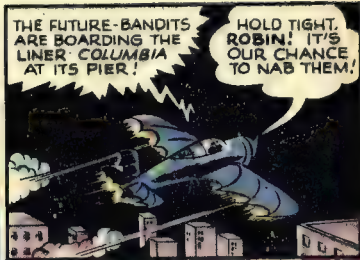
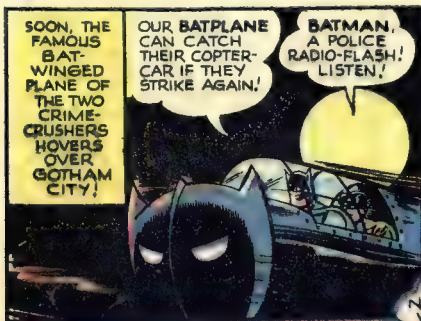
WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

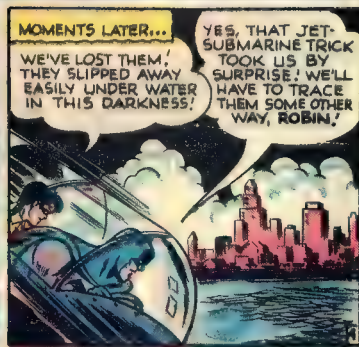
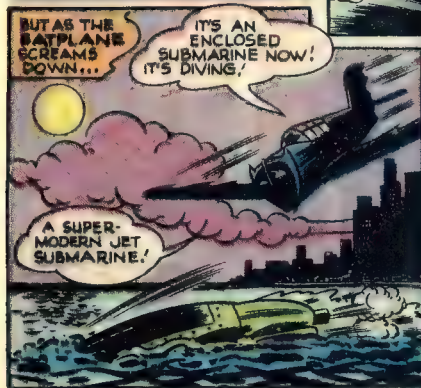
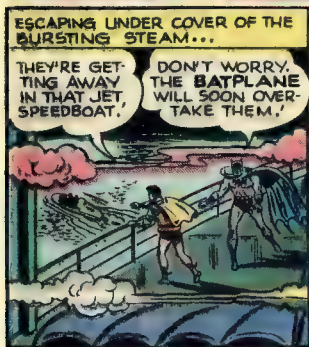
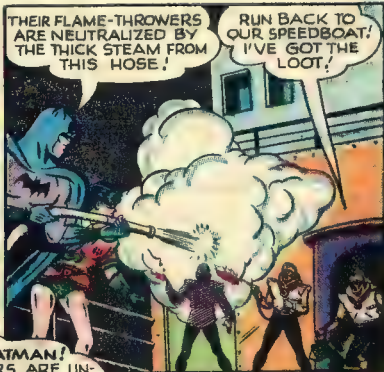
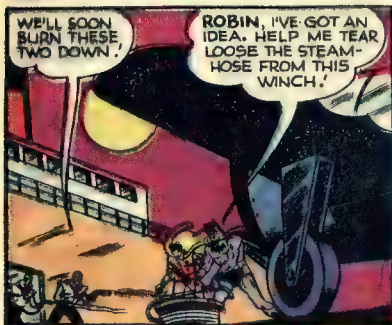


BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE CONQUERED THE GREATEST CRIMINALS OF OUR TIME, BUT COULD THEY WIN AGAINST THE CRIME-SCIENCE OF THE FUTURE? WHEN TIME TURNS BACKWARD AND THE INVENTIONS OF THE FUTURE ARE USED FOR PRESENT-DAY WRONG-DOING, THEN THE INTREPID CRIME-CRUSHERS FACE A TERRIFIC TEST IN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST...

CRIME from TOMORROW!





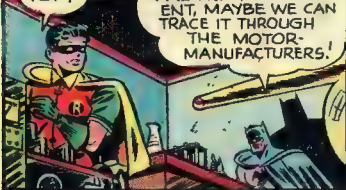




NEXT MORNING, IN BATMAN'S SECRET LABORATORY...

HAVE YOU FIGURED OUT ANY LEAD YET?

THAT JET SUBMARINE WOULD REQUIRE A SPECIAL JET MOTOR! IF THOSE BANDITS ARE FROM THE PRESENT, MAYBE WE CAN TRACE IT THROUGH THE MOTOR-MANUFACTURERS!



THE QUEST ENDS IN FAILURE AT TWO JET-MOTOR FACTORIES. BUT AT THE THIRD...

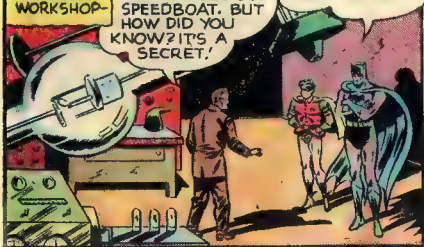
YES, WE MADE SUCH A SPECIAL SUBMARINE JET-MOTOR FOR JAMES LEWES THE INVENTOR!



SOON, IN THE INVENTOR'S WORKSHOP-

YES, I INVENTED AND BUILT A SUBMERSIBLE JET SPEEDBOAT. BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW? IT'S A SECRET!

IT WAS USED FOR A BANDIT-RAID YESTERDAY!



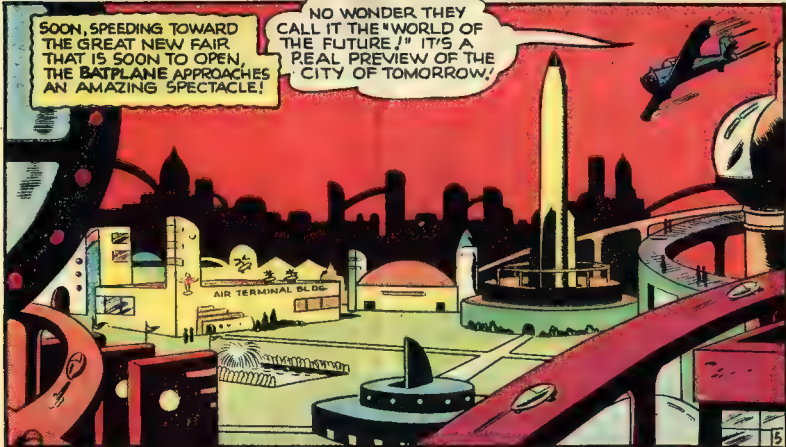
NO, THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE! MY JET-SUB IS AT THE NEW "WORLD OF THE FUTURE" FAIR. THAT'S TO OPEN SOON!

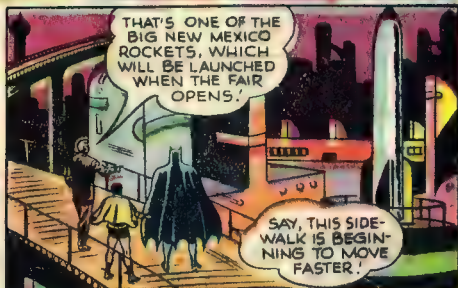
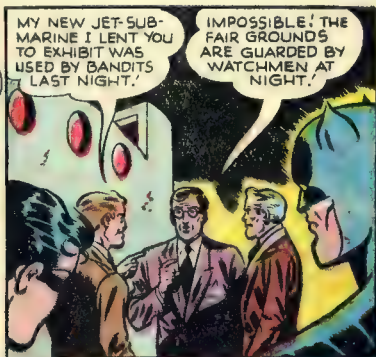
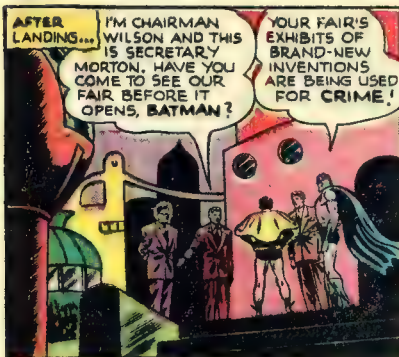
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF THAT'S SO. LET'S GO TO THE FAIR.



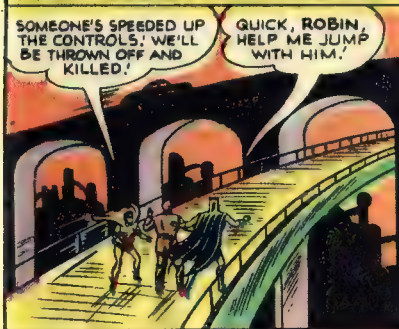
SOON, SPEEDING TOWARD THE GREAT NEW FAIR THAT IS SOON TO OPEN, THE BATPLANE APPROACHES AN AMAZING SPECTACLE!

NO WONDER THEY CALL IT THE "WORLD OF THE FUTURE!" IT'S A REAL PREVIEW OF THE CITY OF TOMORROW!





THE AMAZING SIDEWALK OF THE FUTURE HURTTLES THE PARTY FORWARD AT A BREATHTAKING SPEED...



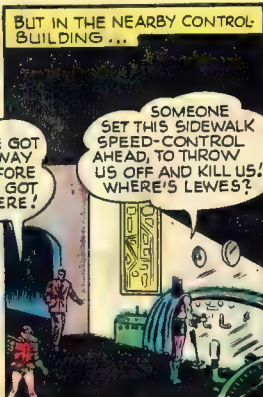


QUICK, ROBIN—
MAYBE WE
CAN CATCH
WHOEVER
IT WAS THAT
TRIED TO
KILL US!

THE
SIDEWALK
CONTROL
BUILDING IS
OVER THERE!

WE GOT
AWAY
BEFORE
WE GOT
HERE!

BUT IN THE NEARBY CONTROL-
BUILDING ...



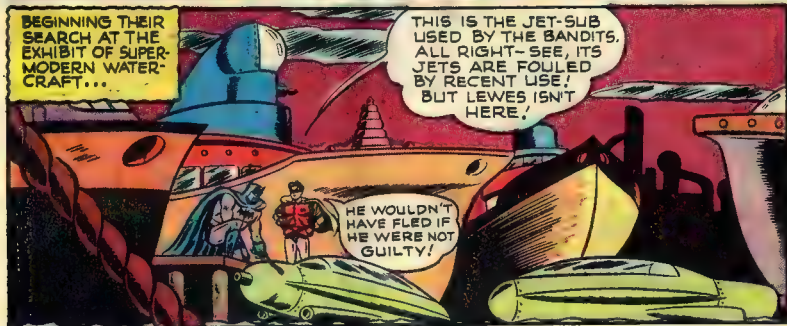
SOMEONE
SET THIS SIDEWALK
SPEED-CONTROL
AHEAD, TO THROW
US OFF AND KILL US!
WHERE'S LEWES?



LEWES HAS
DISAPPEARED!
AND HE KNEW
YOU WERE
GOING WITH
WILSON ON
THE MOVING-
SIDEWALK!

WE'LL
FIND
HIM!
COME
ON,
ROBIN!

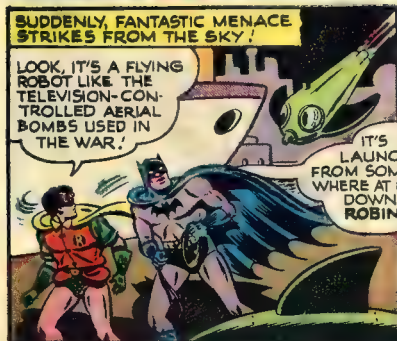
CONTROL



BEGINNING THEIR
SEARCH AT THE
EXHIBIT OF SUPER-
MODERN WATER-
CRAFT...

THIS IS THE JET-SUB
USED BY THE BANDITS.
ALL RIGHT—SEE, ITS
JETS ARE FOULED
BY RECENT USE!
BUT LEWES ISN'T
HERE!

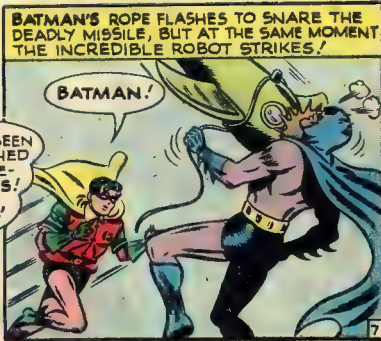
HE WOULDN'T
HAVE FLED IF
HE WERE NOT
GUILTY!



SUDDENLY, FANTASTIC MENACE
STRIKES FROM THE SKY!

LOOK, IT'S A FLYING
ROBOT LIKE THE
TELEVISION-CON-
TROLLED AERIAL
BOMBS USED IN
THE WAR!

IT'S BEEN
LAUNCHED
FROM SOME-
WHERE AT US!
DOWN,
ROBIN!

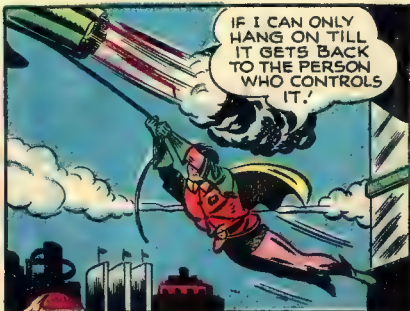


BATMAN'S ROPE FLASHES TO SNARE THE
DEADLY MISSILE, BUT AT THE SAME MOMENT
THE INCREDIBLE ROBOT STRIKES!

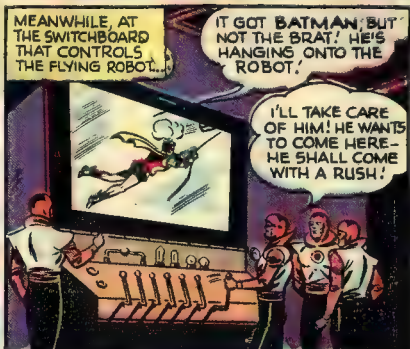
BATMAN!



BATMAN'S STUNNED, BUT I CAN FOLLOW THE THING BACK TO THE CROOKS THIS WAY!



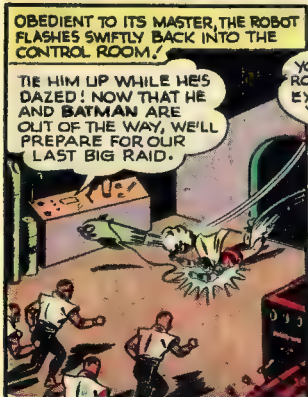
IF I CAN ONLY HANG ON TILL IT GETS BACK TO THE PERSON WHO CONTROLS IT!



MEANWHILE, AT THE SWITCHBOARD THAT CONTROLS THE FLYING ROBOT...

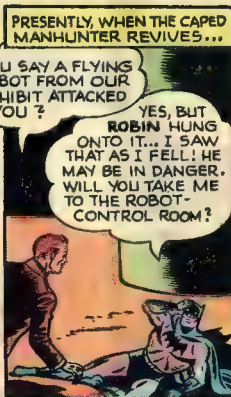
IT GOT BATMAN, BUT NOT THE BRAT! HE'S HANGING ONTO THE ROBOT.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM! HE WANTS TO COME HERE—HE SHALL COME WITH A RUSH!



OBEDIENT TO ITS MASTER, THE ROBOT FLASHES SWIFTLY BACK INTO THE CONTROL ROOM!

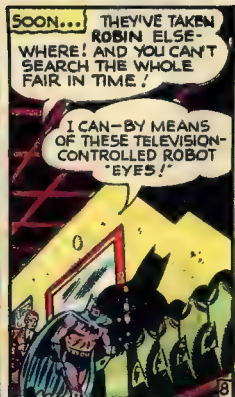
TIE HIM UP WHILE HE'S DAZED! NOW THAT HE AND BATMAN ARE OUT OF THE WAY, WE'LL PREPARE FOR OUR LAST BIG RAID.



PRESENTLY, WHEN THE CAPED MANHUNTER REVIVES...

YOU SAY A FLYING ROBOT FROM OUR EXHIBIT ATTACKED YOU?

YES, BUT ROBIN HUNG ONTO IT... I SAW THAT AS I FELL! HE MAY BE IN DANGER. WILL YOU TAKE ME TO THE ROBOT-CONTROL ROOM?

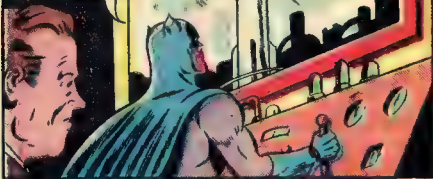


SOON... THEY'VE TAKEN ROBIN ELSEWHERE! AND YOU CAN'T SEARCH THE WHOLE FAIR IN TIME!

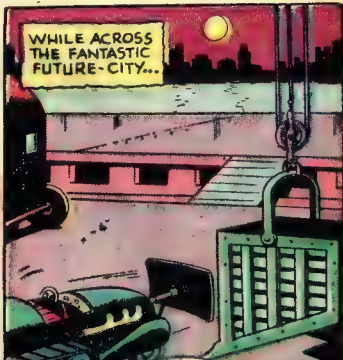
I CAN—BY MEANS OF THESE TELEVISION-CONTROLLED ROBOT "EYES!"

THE ROBOT "EYES" ARE LAUNCHED AND, VIA TELEVISION, BATMAN TRACES THEIR COURSE AS HE CONDUCTS HIS SEARCH.

THEY'RE NOT NEAR THE BIG ROCKET! I'VE GOT TO KEEP LOOKING!



WHILE ACROSS THE FANTASTIC FUTURE-CITY...



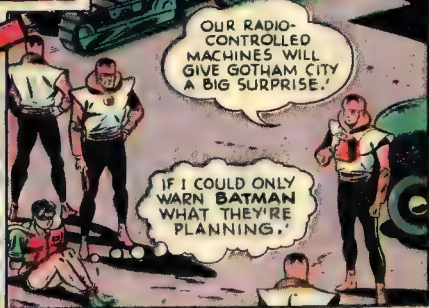
THESE GREEN MINT PLANTS ARE MY ONLY WAY TO LEAVE A CLUE!

GET OUR COPTER-CARS ABOARD QUICK, BEFORE BATMAN'S ROBOT-SEARCHERS FIND US!



OUR RADIO-CONTROLLED MACHINES WILL GIVE GOTHAM CITY A BIG SURPRISE!

IF I COULD ONLY WARN BATMAN WHAT THEY'RE PLANNING!



AND PRESENTLY A CRAFT PACKED WITH MENACE MOVES DOWN RIVER...

THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE OF STOPPING US IN GOTHAM CITY!



IT WILL BE THE BIGGEST LOOTING JOB OF ALL TIME!

MEANWHILE, BATMAN'S FLYING-ROBOT "EYES" FIND A TRAIL!

THE BANDITS HAVE TAKEN A BARGE AND GONE! BUT WHERE?

ROBIN MUST HAVE LEFT THAT TRAIL OF MINT-LEAVES AS A CLUE! MINT? IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING!



COMMISSIONER GORDON? THE FUTURE-BANDITS ARE COMING TO LOOT THE GOTHAM CITY MINT!

WE'LL BE WAITING FOR THEM!





AS DAWN BREAKS, AN INCREDIBLE INVASION STUNS THE METROPOLIS!

MACHINES WITH NO DRIVERS/ THEY'RE RUNNING WILD!

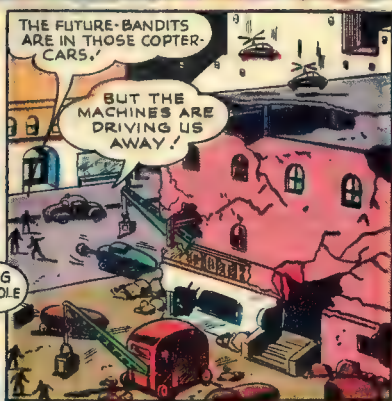
THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE MINT!



RADIO-CONTROLLED METAL MONSTERS WREAK SWIFT DESTRUCTION!

CAN'T STOP DRIVERLESS MACHINES WITH BULLETS!

THEY'RE RIPPING OPEN THE WHOLE MINT!



THE FUTURE-BANDITS ARE IN THOSE COPTER-CARS!

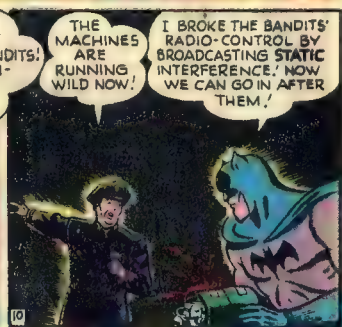
BUT THE MACHINES ARE DRIVING US AWAY!



BUT AS A BAT-WINGED PLANE LANDS NEARBY...

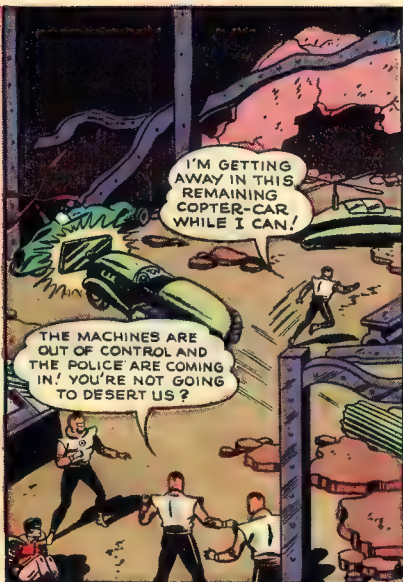
BATMAN, WE WERE READY FOR THEM, BUT WE CAN'T FACE THOSE DRIVERLESS MACHINES!

THEY'RE RADIO-CONTROLLED BY THE FUTURE-BANDITS! THIS WAVE GENERATOR SHOULD BREAK THEIR CONTROL!



THE MACHINES ARE RUNNING WILD NOW!

I BROKE THE BANDITS' RADIO-CONTROL BY BROADCASTING STATIC INTERFERENCE! NOW WE CAN GO IN AFTER THEM!

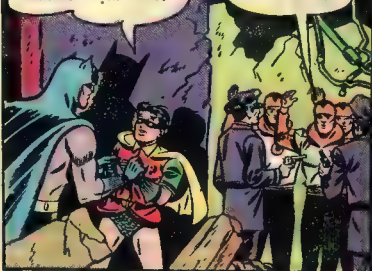


I'M GETTING AWAY IN THIS REMAINING COPTER-CAR WHILE I CAN!

THE MACHINES ARE OUT OF CONTROL AND THE POLICE ARE COMING IN! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DESERT US?

THEY BROUGHT ME ALONG AS A HOSTAGE, BUT YOU WERE TOO FAST FOR THEM, **BATMAN!** THEIR LEADER ESCAPED, HEADING BACK TOWARD THE FAIR!

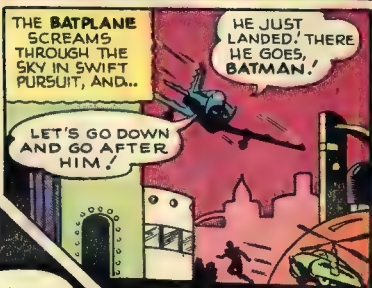
HE SAVED HIS OWN SKIN AND LEFT US! WE'D TELL YOU WHO HE IS IF WE KNEW, BUT WE DON'T!



THE **BATPLANE** SCREAMS THROUGH THE SKY IN SWIFT PURSUIT, AND...

HE JUST LANDED! THERE HE GOES, **BATMAN!**

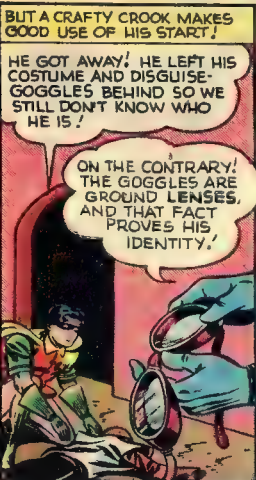
LET'S GO DOWN AND GO AFTER HIM!



BUT A CRAFTY CROOK MAKES GOOD USE OF HIS START!

HE GOT AWAY! HE LEFT HIS COSTUME AND DISGUISE-GOGGLES BEHIND SO WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS!

ON THE CONTRARY! THE GOGGLES ARE GROUND LENSES, AND THAT FACT PROVES HIS IDENTITY!



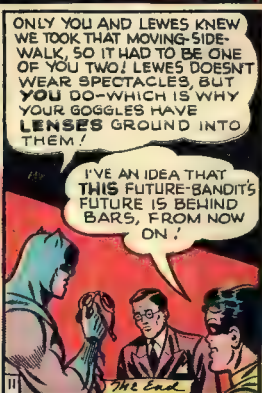
DID YOU FIND THE LEADER OF THE GANG?

YES, I DID. IT'S YOU, MORTON!



ONLY YOU AND LEWES KNEW WE TOOK THAT MOVING-SIDE-WALK, SO IT HAD TO BE ONE OF YOU TWO! LEWES DOESN'T WEAR SPECTACLES, BUT YOU DO-WHICH IS WHY YOUR GOGGLES HAVE LENSES GROUND INTO THEM!

I'VE AN IDEA THAT THIS FUTURE-BANDIT'S FUTURE IS BEHIND BARS, FROM NOW ON!



WIN *Rollfast* SKATES!

1,000 PAIR FOR THE BEST 1,000 NAMES SENT IN!

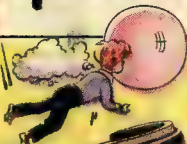


EASY TO WIN!

MILITARY
BUCKLES

RUBBER SHOCK
ABSORBERS

BALL
BEARINGS



NAME THIS BOY!

HERE ARE SOME HINTS:

FLY-BOY

BLOWHARD

BIRDIE

SKY-KING

BAZOOKID

ROCKET-BOY

Don't send in any of these, of course.
They're just examples.

SADDLE
LEATHER STRAPS
WITH CUSHIONS

ADJUSTABLE
TO ALL SIZES

FLEXIBLE
SOLE PLATES



FAST GET-AWAY
TYPE WHEELS

EASY RULES TO WIN!

1. Choose a name for this boy.
2. Send in name and one Bazooka Bubble Gum wrapper to Box No. 100 Brooklyn 32, N. Y. Send as many names as you please, with one Bazooka wrapper for each name.
3. A pair of famous Rollfast Skates will be awarded for each of the best 1,000 names.
4. Names will win that are most original, catchy, easiest to remember. Decision of judges is final. Hurry! In case of duplicate, earliest postmark wins.
5. Entries must be postmarked before Sept. 1, 1948. For list of winners, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Box No. 100, Brooklyn 32, N. Y.
6. Contest open to all residents of U. S., its territories and possessions, except employees of Wm. W. Chewing Gum and their advertising agency.

THEY CAN BE YOURS!

BOYS! GIRLS! Here's your chance to own a wonderful pair of famous Rollfast Skates with double ball race bearings and saddle-leather straps.

You've seen Bazooka, the Atom Bubble Boy, in the comics. He's the dare-devil boy who flies into the teeth of danger on his magic, giant bubble, chasing robbers, saving little girls and winning cheers of praise wherever he goes.

So—send us a new name for this boy. Any name that's unusual, catchy, and suitable for this wonderful new comic-strip hero.

For the best 1,000 names you boys and girls send in (with a Bazooka wrapper for each name sent), we'll award 1,000 pairs of these handsome, Rollfast skates. Think of that! 1,000 winners. You've got a great chance!

THE OFFICIAL BUBBLE GUM OF RINGLING BROS.
AND BARNUM AND BAILEY
CIRCUS!

Bazooka
THE ATOM BUBBLE GUM

REPLACEMENT
GUARANTEED
BY
PARENTS'
MAGAZINE
IF NOT AS
SUITABLE
THEIR

GET YOUR BAZOOKA
BUBBLE GUM TODAY!
5 BIG CHUMS FOR 5¢
AND COMICS IN
EVERY PACKAGE!



Margaret O'Brien AT A HOLLYWOOD PARTY!

V.G.M. STAR



YOU COULDN'T HAVE MORE FUN!
IMAGINE, MAKING YOUR OWN LOLLIPOPS...
AND JELLY APPLES TOO!

"JANE'S MOTHER HAD A WONDERFUL IDEA."

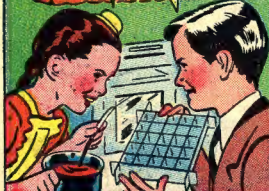
CHILDREN, LET'S MAKE
OUR OWN LOLLIPOPS AND
JELLY APPLES.

GOLLY...
MAKE THEM
OURSELVES?



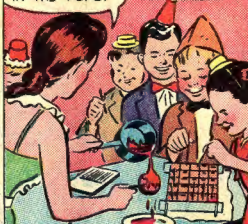
IT'S EASY TO
SET UP THIS
ALUMINUM
MOLD.

AND IT CAN
MAKE 25
LOLLIPOPS AT
ONE TIME!



"WE PUT THE MOLD ON A FLAT
PAN AND FILLED IT WITH CANDY."

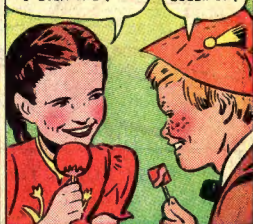
I'LL MAKE A JELLY APPLE, AND
YOU CAN ALL PUT YOUR STICKS
IN THE POPS.



"WE PUT IN OUR OWN STICKS.
I COULD HARDLY WAIT."

MY OWN JELLY
APPLE... THE BEST
I EVER ATE!

OH BOY,
WHAT A
LOLLIPOP!



"AND IT ONLY TOOK A FEW
MINUTES TO MAKE!"

NOW YOU, TOO, CAN MAKE YOUR OWN CANDY!

FOUR DELICIOUS FLAVORS. ENOUGH TO MAKE 1000 LOLLIPOPS!
START YOUR OWN CANDY BUSINESS... YOU CAN EVEN MAKE
JELLY APPLES, GLAZED NUTS, AND DELICIOUS ICES. SEND
FOR YOUR MARGARET O'BRIEN CANDY KITCHEN **\$1.00**
A REAL \$2.00 VALUE **RIGHT NOW** FOR ONLY

THE PRINCE CO
DEPT. N. C.
568 BROADWAY
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

I AM ENCLOSING \$1.00
(CHECK, MONEY ORDER, CASH)
AS FULL PAYMENT FOR MY
MARGARET O'BRIEN CANDY
KITCHEN. RUSH!

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS (NOT AVAILABLE IN CANADA)
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

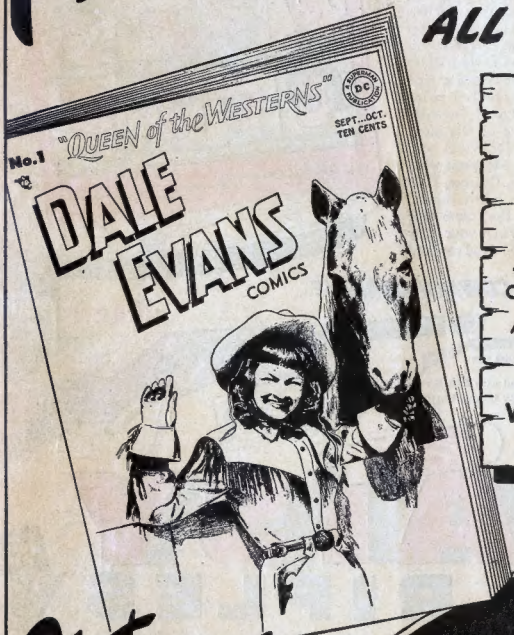
CITY _____ STATE _____

TELL YOUR PARENTS
EVERY INGREDIENT
IN THE MARGARET
O'BRIEN CANDY
KITCHEN IS
GUARANTEED TO
BE ABSOLUTELY
WHOLESOME.



EACH KIT CONTAINS: ONE BOTTLE EACH OF ORANGE,
RASPBERRY, CHERRY, AND LEMON FLAVOR; 100 SAFETY
STICKS; 150 WAX WRAPPERS; ALUMINUM MOLD FOR
25 LOLLIPOPS; AND COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS.

Now! "HOLLYWOOD'S "Queen of the Westerns" IN A COMIC BOOK ALL HER OWN!



DON'T MISS THE
ROOTIN', TOOTIN',
SHOOTIN'
WILD WEST
ESCAPADES OF

*Dale
Evans*

THE REAL-LIFE
COWGIRL WHO MADE
MOVIE HISTORY
AS THE ONLY GIRL
EVER VOTED
AMONG THE

TOP TEN
WESTERN STARS!



*First
Issue!*

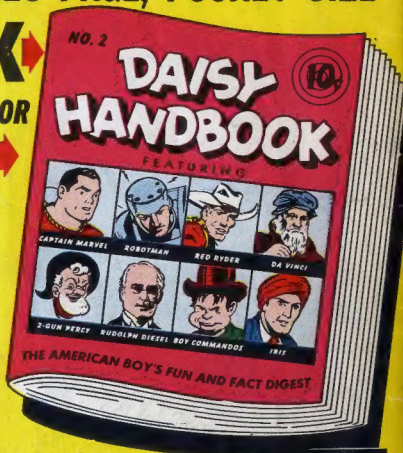
ON SALE
Everywhere!

DAISY ANNOUNCES

AN *Entirely New* 128 PAGE, POCKET SIZE
HANDBOOK

Including A BRAND NEW 4-COLOR
DAISY CATALOG

It's sensational! It's colossal! It's the greatest fun and fact DIGEST Daisy ever offered—entirely brand new and different from Edition No. 1—the new and better Handbook No. 2 with Daisy's latest, greatest Air Rifle Catalog bound inside it! Shows newest Daisy Air Rifles, Target, Handbook No. 2 is handy pocket size. Thick, 128 pages! *Complete comic strips* starring Robotman, Captain Marvel, Red Ryder, Inventor Diesel, Boy Commandos, Ibis & King of Darkness, Two Gun Percy, Genius Leonardo Da Vinci, etc. **ALSO:** Camping Tips, Fishing Lore, Marksmanship Manual, How To Be A Cowboy, Jokes, Quizzes, How A Rocket Works, The Story of Steel, many others! *Limited supply.* Mail coupon with thin dime (10c in coin) plus unused 3c stamp—we'll *rush* your copy postpaid! Do it now—this very minute—send coupon!



1000 SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN BLESSING, INC. © 1951



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1000 SHOT REPEATER



No. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN

IMPORTANT! Each Daisy Air Rifle now packed with FREE tube Bulls Eye Shot, Target Cards, World-Wide Safety League Button—illustrated at right. Ask your dealer.

HURRY!

WRITE NOW



DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL
The safe family fun gun indoors or out. Air Pistol, 500 shot, spinning "birdie" targets, target cards. Ask your dealer.

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MAIL NOW!

BIG 8-COLOR PICTURE READY FOR YOUR ROOM

Big 15 x 21 inch lithograph of famous Boys Bill of Rights oil painting ready, including printed, plated leather frame! It's beautiful! Send only 15c in coins, plus unused 3c stamp!

SPECIAL BARGAIN! Mail coupon and only 25c in coin, we'll send both Handbook No. 2 (with new, bound-in Daisy Catalog) and Boys' Bill of Rights lithograph—postpaid!

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() I enclose 15c in coin, 3c stamp

No. 2 HANDBOOK & CATALOG **HANDBOOK & PICTURE BARGAIN!**
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